

THE

11630. e. 16

11

Oeconomy of Happiness.

A

P O E M.

By E. T. *rapaud.*

*K.*



LONDON:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR

M.DCC.LXXII.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE

OF

OF

OF

OF

OF

OF



Price One Guinea

T O  
Sir CHARLES COCKS, Bart.

THIS  
YOUTHFUL ESSAY  
IS DEDICATED,

B Y  
HIS MOST OBLIGED  
AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

The AUTHOR.



TO  
SIR CHARLES COCKS, Bart.

YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT

IS DEDICATED

BY

HIS MOST OBLIGED

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

The AUTHOR.



THE

## Oeconomy of Happiness.

A

## P O E M.

**W**HY was I born to drudge for fordid wealth,  
 To study gain, and barter for my bread,  
 To pine in thought, and waste my precious time?  
 Why must I secrete sigh, yet sigh in vain,  
 For solitude and philosophic ease?  
 Had Nature form'd me a penurious wight,  
 Then had I trod the paths of trade with joy;  
 Beheld with rapture hoards on hoards arise,  
 And toil'd with pleasure for ungotten gold.

B

Not

Not for my soul ; it seeks no splendid woes ; 10  
 No golden dreams of wealth and honours great  
 Could e'er ensnare my un aspiring heart ;  
 It woos repose, and longs to be at peace.

Hail, Mediocrity ! thrice happy he  
 Who holds thee independent, and well knows 15  
 Thy modest worth ! Were I but blest with thee,  
 Free from the trammels of a guilty world,  
 From London's crowded mart I'd haste away,  
 And thus in transport speak my last adieu !

London, farewell ! farewell, ye guilty scenes 20  
 Of dissipation, of unhallow'd joys,  
 Where Vice triumphant reigns with filken sway,  
 And Virtue sickens at deluded man ;  
 Where love of gain absorbs the human breast,  
 Each studying to deceive his dearest friend ! 25  
 Abyss ! polluted with the deepest crimes !

Gladly

Gladly do I resign thy loath'd abode !

I fly to breathe beneath a purer sky !

Thus Fancy works, and fond ideas rise :

Yet far be from me the presumptuous thought 30

Omniscience to arraign, to scorn the lot

Assign'd me, and upbraid ALMIGHTY GOD !

Ah ! let me rather turn, with humid eye

And grateful heart, to merit in distress,

Compare their suff'rings to what I enjoy, 35

Compare what they have lost to my deserts,

Then ask myself, Why was not this thy lot ?

But, though it is my destiny to court

The smiles of Fortune and obey the world,

Ah ! may they never captivate my heart ! 40

Though Wealth should tempt, with all its pow'ful charms,

And Luxury and Pomp be at my call,

May Wisdom yet my slipp'ry footsteps guide,

And point me to the blest abode of Peace !



Ah ! what is life ? a scene of varied cares ; 45  
 Yet still unanimous to rack the mind,  
 And tofs the troubled soul from thought to thought :  
 And yet we court these cares ! mistaken man !  
 Ever revolving schemes, and forming plans  
 Of grandeur, wealth, and fame, and pleasures false ! 50  
 Ingenious to adopt, with nicest care,  
 Each pow'rful bane to mar his happiness.  
 Why then with fruitless toil idly exhaust  
 The meditative powers of thy soul ?  
 Why suffer thy sublimer self to stray 55  
 To purposes unworthy of itself ?  
 Is this, O man ! what calls thy vigilance ?  
 Are these the joys for which thou shun'st repose ?  
 And dost thou fondly think they will reward  
 Thy patient labour ? Even as a serpent, rear'd 60  
 In some kind fost'ring bosom, dark and fell,  
 Buries his sting in his protector's breast.

Then

Then let frivolity no more employ  
 Thy scanty time, for nobler purpose mark'd:  
 Let Thought once more its native soil resume, 65  
 And meditate on more important things.  
 Trace up the source of thy immortal soul,  
 Explore the wonders of the GODHEAD, search  
 With studious mind the tracts of holy writ,  
 Creative wisdom breaking on thy view! 70  
 Whilst all thy soul, absorb'd in wonder deep,  
 Revolves the vast stupendous scheme of things,  
 Painful exertion of the burthen'd thought!  
 Here thou wilt see th'amazing love of God,  
 Behold salvation offer'd to mankind, 75  
 Behold the LORD OF NATURE on a cross  
 Expiring for our sins! And who were we?  
 The awful question ask thy guilty soul.  
 Where is the man who would, to save his friend,  
 Resign his breath, and bleed in his behalf? 80  
 Yet the REDDEMER died for guilty foes!



The thought immense is far beyond our grasp.  
 Then should not gratitude our hearts pervade?  
 Should not each vein beat high with glowing love?  
 And ev'ry thought combine to muse his praise, 85  
 And ev'ry action tend to please him most?  
 Then learn the way, (and ah! must man be taught  
 To love his God, and follow Nature's laws,  
 To make him blest?) peruse with tenfold care  
 The laws benign which God first gave to man; 90  
 What do they ask? What thou with ease couldst give:  
 They offer bliss, and court thee to be happy.

Heed'st thou not this? Then seek thy former scenes,  
 Indulge thy mimic meditations, try  
 Some new-born scheme for grandeur unpossess; 95  
 Attain it all; then *dream* thou art content: ---  
 Art thou aware, fond man, thou wilt too soon  
 To lurking Disappointment be a prey,  
 A prey secure? What though he now delays?  
 'Tis but to swell his prize: he winds thee up 100

On



On ev'ry spring of artificial joy;  
 These overstrain'd, the bubble bursts at once,  
 And drops thee in th'abyss of deep despair.  
 What wilt thou do? Seek comfort with thy gold?  
 Or scan thy dear-bought honours for relief? 105  
 These too perhaps are gone, for ever fled  
 Like morning-slumbers, and left thee behind  
 Obnoxious to thyself! Ah! whither turn?  
 Where fly for refuge from severe reproach?  
 Thy shallow mind, nurs'd in gay Fortune's smiles, 110  
 No comfort gives, but adds to thy distress:  
 Hateful is life, and yet thou dar'st not die.

Say, will this theme recall thee to thyself?  
 Then hasten thee to Retrospection's seat,  
 Where dwell Experience and Conviction clear; 115  
 There thou wilt see, like dewy mists, dispell'd  
 Thy visions gay, and tow'ring airy dreams.  
 Behold, indignant, how absurd, how vain

Thy

Thy boasted wisdom ; first, deep-blushing, view,  
Then turn appall'd, and rise into a man. 120

Then all the finer feelings of the soul,  
No longer shrunk, resume their nat'ral sway,  
Afford thee joys untasted and unknown,  
The joys of friendship and of virtuous love,  
The boast of angels, yet the scorn of man ! 125

Nature design'd us not for selfish joys ;  
Not *only* for ourselves we live : how vain  
His search for happiness, who seeks alone  
(Unheeding all beside) to bless himself.  
Ungenerous maxim ! only fit to lodge 130  
In breasts where Nature is deny'd access.  
Ah ! how unlike the all-dispensing hand  
Of bounteous Heav'n, ever dealing out,  
With wise profusion, its stupendous gifts.  
And what return make we ? Ungrateful man ! 135

Whose



Whose sins make angels weep ! tears undeserv'd  
 Blessings unmerited ! unceasing still !

Hail, sacred Friendship ! let me sing of thee !  
 Thee whom the world scarce knows ! Nature at times  
 Works into full perfection faithful friends ;  
 And fools gaze on, yet know not what they see ;  
 And misers, dreaming of no friend but gold,  
 Discard all friendship that's without a bond.

With deep research and nicely-judging mind,  
 And unimpassion'd thought, inspect the man, 145  
 Whom Fancy first inspir'd thee to regard ;  
 Strict view his morals, basis of esteem,  
 And scrutinize, if possible, his heart :  
 This must be warm, or all besides is vain,  
 With feelings finely temper'd, and sincere. 150  
 Develope by degrees his inmost soul ;

C Investigate



Investigate each sentiment, each thought ;  
 Summon thy reason then, and chuse thy friend.

Thy choice once made, of fickleness beware ;  
 Cherish thy friend and take him next thy heart, 155  
 Share all his woes, and soothe him in distress ;  
 Nor grudge fatigue, nor toil, nor fleeting time,  
 Nor wealth, nor ought that can relieve his pain ;  
 Richly o'erpaid to see thy friend content,  
 Richly o'erpaid if thou canst save him yet : 160  
 A friend once lost, is scarce to be replac'd.

More yet is wanting to complete thy bliss :  
 Friendship enlarges, does not fill, the heart,  
 Its softer thrills are sanctify'd to love.  
 Without that what were we ? unpolish'd, rude, 165  
 And turn'd unfinish'd out of Nature's hands !  
 Be then my theme, O Love ! --- A theme replete  
 With graces ever blooming, ever new !

'Tis thou inspirest ev'ry youthful breast  
 To vie in excellence and great design ; 170  
 The rugged heart dilates at thy approach,  
 And softens at thy touch ; drawn off to thee,  
 The passions all refine ! nor aught that's mean  
 Or grov'ling fills the mind ; improv'd by love  
 The soul resumes its native dignity. 175

Happy are those who in their tender years,  
 By sympathy attracted, learn to love,  
 Unconscious of the all-prevailing pow'r !  
 Early attachments cherish Virtue's seeds  
 And nip the buds of Vice ; and ev'ry day 180  
 Brings forth its little hopes, its tender fears ;  
 And, unrestrain'd by delicacies false,  
 The little play-mates own their guiltless loves.  
 Thrice happy years ! when, free from sordid bonds,  
 Free from the eyes of a censorious world, 185  
 Unknowing ev'ry art save that to please,  
 Our days glide on in purity and peace !



As reason strengthens, sentiments mature  
 And budding virtues all disclose apace :  
 Childish amusements then are laid aside ; 190  
 Softer sensations, hardly self-confess'd,  
 And half-develop'd, interest the heart :  
 Thoughts half-repress'd, half blushing indulg'd,  
 Incessant rise, and fond ideas rove.  
 Nicely observant grows the lover's eye ; 195  
 Expanding beauties fan the am'rous flame,  
 Increasing merit steals upon the soul.

The tender passion now too potent grows ;  
 Nor longer can the swain in silence sigh ;  
 Glowing with love, with ardent beating heart 200  
 He seeks his charmer, and with am'rous dread  
 Whispers his tale in timid fault'ring strains.  
 With blushes deep suffus'd, the bashful maid,  
 Painfully pleas'd, in sweet confusion lost,

Receives



Receives the wish'd avowal of his love, 205  
 And longs to tell him all his heart could wish;  
 But modesty, all-pow'rful, awhile  
 Protracts (inviting feint) the sweet return:  
 He, all-expecting, hangs on ev'ry look,  
 Catches each sigh, and wildly waits his doom: 210  
 Yet coyness still prevails. Embolden'd now,  
 He tries each soothing art to plead his cause;  
 Nor pleads in vain; the painful struggle o'er,  
 He stands confess'd the master of her heart.  
 Delightful moments these! enraptur'd now, 215  
 And undisguis'd, their tendernefs appears;  
 Repeated vows cement the happy ties,  
 And constancy secures their blissful hours.

Chuse thee a mate, whose soul, to thine attun'd,  
 Breathes soft complacency and kind regard; 220  
 Whose kindred heart beats consonant to thine,  
 And points each wish, each sentiment, to thee.  
 Here fix thy love, and thou art blest indeed!

Then

Then ev'ry day shall teem with mingled bliss,  
And social harmony thy dwelling crown. 225

If labour fills thy hours, how sweet to find  
(Returning home exanimate with toil)

An amiable wife to cheer thy soul,  
The fond companion and the tender friend,

Ever dispos'd to please, and to promote 230  
With studious care thy happiness and ease.

Or, if Misfortune's lash deep wounds thy peace,  
And sorrow hangs impending on thy brow,

Ever attentive to dispel thy gloom,  
She tries each fond endearment for success, 235

And wishes to suppress, yet share thy woes.  
Or, should propitious Fortune on thee smile,

Or happy tidings bless thy humble roof,  
What pleasure to diffuse the heart-felt joy,

And share it with the partner of thy life ! 240  
Poor is the joy we solitary feel,

Or comfortless the heart that sighs alone.



Unhappy is the man who lives estrang'd,  
 In lawless transports, from the power of love !  
 A slavish independence ! ah ! how false 245  
 His boast of freedom, friendless and forlorn !  
 He seeks his pleasures in the dregs of vice,  
 And sees too late their fallacy and shame.

Ere now, perhaps, with early pledges grac'd  
 Of mutual love, thy blessings multiply, 250  
 And the parental feelings all awake  
 To tender pity and protective love.  
 Be thine the business now, with pleasing care,  
 To mould each sentiment to Virtue's laws ;  
 To prune the wild excrescences of Vice, 255  
 Which else, deep rooted in the fost'ring heart,  
 Twines to the soul and ev'ry good expels.  
 Turn now each talent to its proper use,  
 With useful science fill the fleeting hours,  
 And!



And shew them knowledge as the key to truth. 260

Let them not disregard those lesser arts,

Those gentle social claims, a soft address,

An elegant urbanity and ease,

Engaging converse, and discretion fair.

Instil with early precept, oft apply'd, 265

That maxim all-divine, the fruitful source

Of ev'ry virtuous aim, benevolence.

Incline their tender hearts to pity's call,

And teach their breasts to heave at sorrow's tale.

Unblest is he, whose hard obdurate heart 270

Ne'er knew the joy to feel a brother's woe;

Ne'er dropt the sympathetic mingled tear

Of soothing comfort; never sought the haunts

Of blushing poverty, unus'd to ask

Bitter relief, which once themselves bestow'd! 275

O thou enliv'ning source of all that's good

And virtuous, in cultivating thee we feel

The purest essence of what we bestow!

Thy

Thy paths are pleasure, thy perspective heaven !  
 Exalted sensibility ! 'tis thou 280  
 That mouldst our pleasures into bliss ; 'tis thou  
 That pointst out to the soul, from whence it sprang !  
 When sorrows fill the scene, when ev'ry nerve  
 Is harrow'd with deep distress, and the soul,  
 Wound up too high, alarm'd, shrinks at its touch, 285  
 Nor can be reconcil'd to its approach,  
 Then *soothing comfort*, then the *mingled tear* !

'Tis not the wretch whose heart is set on gold,  
 When his lov'd treasures melt before his eyes,  
 And poverty, with undissembling face, 290  
 Shews him the contrast of his ill-got wealth,  
 'Tis not with him I'd mourn ; compassion shrinks,  
 Nor can a tear escape th'indignant eye ;  
 Nor where ambition disappointed falls  
 From tott'ring grandeur to deserted woe, 295  
 And rancorous despair the fabric fills,  
 Which hope had rais'd in fancy's airy land ;



For plaints like these I can't afford a sigh.

'Tis in the awful room where sickness reigns,

Where filial tenderness, entranc'd in gloom, 300

Awaits, in silent woe, a parent's fate ;

Where conjugal affection sees the day,

The shudd'ring day ! which poisons years of bliss ;

Where friends are torn asunder by the grave,

And the survivor dies, alas ! to joy ; 305

Where the fond lover sees (in torpid grief,

Too big for utterance) the maid expire,

In whom his whole existence was combin'd :

Ah ! who can tell the pangs of hapless love ?

Approach, thou miser ; canst thou not e'en now 310

Forget thy loss of gold ? see what they lose !

Thy hoards dispers'd are so much gain'd to thee ;

Since, now they're gone, compassion may draw near.

Or let me go to scenes of modest want,

Where pinching poverty, in silence borne, 315

Calls for relief, with eloquence divine ;

Where



Where each conceals his anguish from the rest,

Not to embitter more the cup of woe.

Hither, ambitious man ! see real pain :

'Tis not conspicuous honours they lament ; 320

They mourn for bread ! Then smother *thy distress*,

And take it as a lesson from above,

To teach thee to condemn thy darling pomp.

'Tis griefs like these that call our tend'rest care,

To hush the soul, and steal it from its pain. 325

What tendernefs in sympathetic moan !

'Tis harmony of soul ; 'tis joy attun'd

To melancholy ; comfortable grief.

Methinks it were more pleasing to indulge

This mode of sorrow, than to mix in all 330

The noise of revelries and phantastic joys,

Which rock the soul to gay delusive dreams,

And rob us, flumb'ring, of our choicest bliss.

And

Where each conceals his anguish from the rest  
 Not to embitter more the cup of woe.  
 And oft, when thy imagination soars  
 Above the little scenes of busy life, 335  
 The mind, abstracted from the world, retires  
 Into the lap of meditation, there  
 Sublimely wrapt in thought extatic ; then,  
 From guilty tumults free, the tranquil soul  
 Sinks into holy calm ; nor selfish cares, 340  
 Nor boist'rous passions, nor unhallow'd thought,  
 Disturb thy musing moments, all secure.

Then happy thou, and worthy of content !  
 When, true to nature's laws, true to thyself,  
 To ev'ry social tie, and to thy God, 345  
 Each fleeting moment wafts thee to his arms.

11749

F I N I S